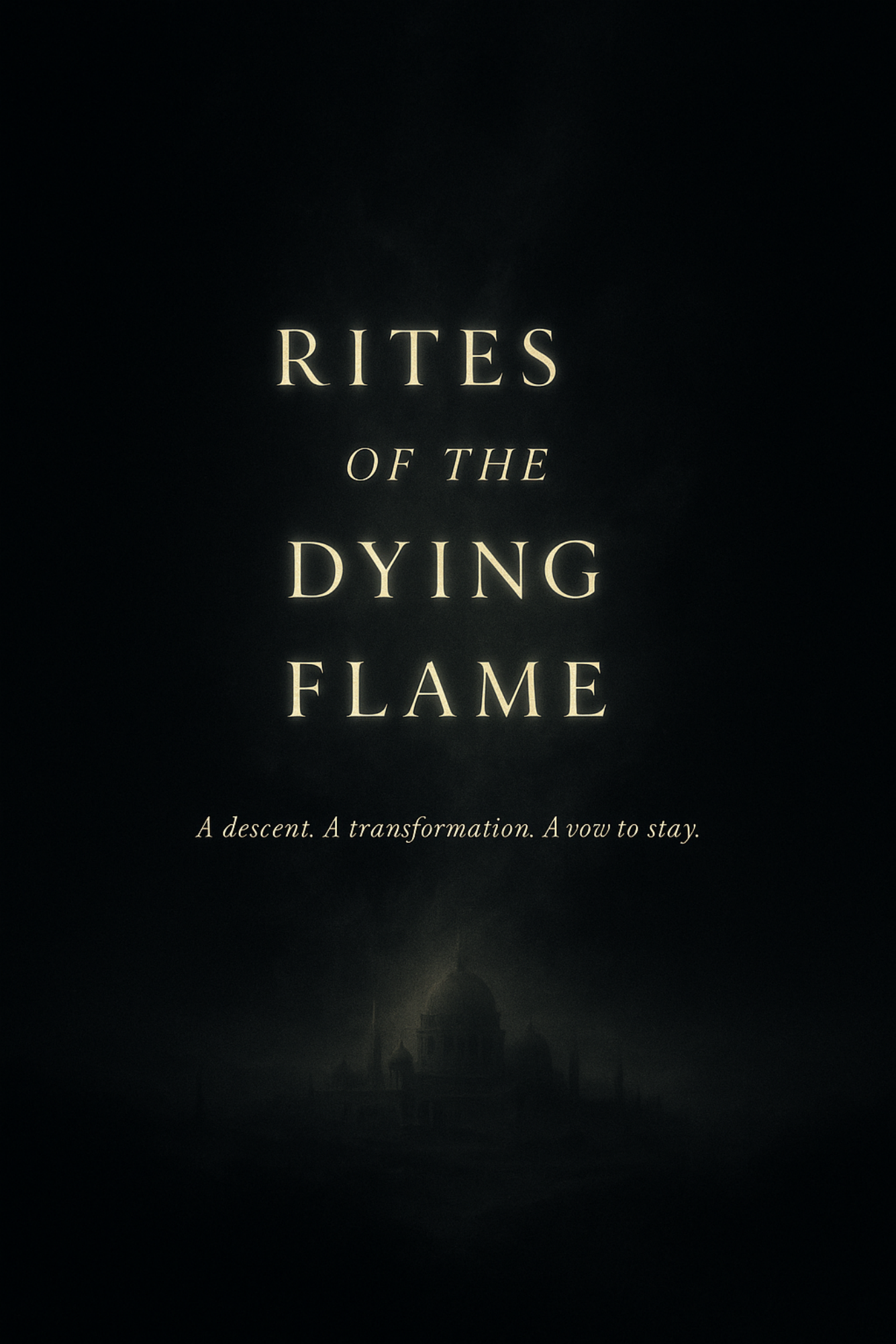
RITES *OF THE* DYING FLAME

A descent. A transformation. A vow to stay.



I.

When the flame dies,
the silence grows teeth.
Shadows stretch long
in the hollow of the soul.

What once burned bright
now crumbles into black dust,
prayers turned to cinders,
desire devoured by its own hunger.

The self-a temple razed

by divine fire,
every idol melted
by truth too fierce to name.

There, in the ash,
a whisper coils:
not all death is ending.
Not all darkness is void.

II.

The night does not kill-
it baptizes.

Washes the soul
in cold stars and absence.

A stillness takes root
where chaos once reigned,
ancient and watchful,
cloaked in velvet ruin.

The ego, stripped,
kneels at the edge of nothing-
a vessel emptied
for the infinite to fill.

From the ruin,

a new I rises-

not forged, but found.

Silent. Shadowed. Sacred.

III.

There was a time I prayed

for the end to come-

not as peace,

but as erasure.

A longing deeper than death:
to vanish into the soil,
to be unmade,
to outrun the weight of being.

But even that silence
spoke.
Even that void
held me like a cradle of stars.

I did not die.
I dissolved.

And what remained
was not less than me,
but more.

A soul unclenched,
the ego returned-
not to escape,
but to become.

IV.

Still-
there are nights the ache returns,

sweet and cruel
as a lover at the door.

The hunger for oblivion
is not a wound,
but a mouth-
and some days, it sings.

It calls in tongues
older than memory,
offering freedom
shaped like falling.

Despair is a god too,
draped in black silk,
patient,
never asking-only waiting.

I kneel sometimes
not to pray,
but to weep into the dark
and feel it weep back.

There is no triumph here.

Only breath.

Only the sacred

act of staying.

V.

And so-

what is existence,

if not a ritual of endings?

A thousand little deaths

wrapped in the myth of continuity.

Meaning is not given.

It is carved,
bleeding,
from the raw edge of being.

To exist
is to hold death in the mouth
like a secret seed-
and still speak.

It is to suffer,
and still reach.
To be broken,

and still build altars
to the mystery.

Perhaps the point
was never to be whole-
but to become
a vessel wide enough
to carry the unknown.

If death is the shadow
that gives life shape,
then let me walk

with shadow as my witness.

Let me burn
knowing the ash is sacred.
Let me fall
knowing the ground is God.